Requite your loues. Biſhop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwikes* frowne,
And praie that I maie repoſſeſſe the crowne.
Now huntſman what will you doe?
Huntſ Marrie my Lord, I thinke *I* had as good
Goe with you, as tarrie heere to be hangde.
Edw. Come then lets awaie with ſpeed.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter the *Queene* and the Lord *Riuers*.

Riuers. Tel me good maddam, why is your grace
So paſſionate of late?
Queen. Why brother *Riuers*, heare you not the newes,
Of that ſucceſſe king *Edward* had of late?
Riu. What? loſſe of ſome pitcht battaile againſt *Warwike*,
Tuſh, feare not faire *Queen*, but caſt thoſe cares aſide.
King *Edwards* noble mind his honours doth diſplay;
And *Warwike* maie looſe, though then he got the day.
Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:
But greater troubles will I feare befall.
Riu. What, is he taken priſoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall perſon then?
Queen. I, thears my griefe, king *Edward* is ſurpriſde,
And led awaie, as priſoner vnto *Yorke*.
Riu. The newes is paſſing ſtrange I muſt confeſſe:
Yet comfort your ſelfe, for *Edward* hath more friends,
Then *Lancaſter* at this time muſt perceiue,
That ſome will ſet him in his throne againe.
Queen. God grant they maie, but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme a while,
Vntill I come vnto the ſanctuarie,
There to preſerue the fruit within my wombe,

K. *Edwards* ſeed true heire to *Englands* crowne. *Exit.*

Enter *Edward* and *Richard*, and *Haſtings* with a troope of Hollanders.

Edw. Thus far from *Belgia* haue we paſt the ſeas,
And marcht from *Raunſpur* hauen vnto *Yorke*:
But ſoft the gates are ſhut, *I* like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the drum and call them to the wals.

Enter the Lord Maire of *Yorke* vpon the wals.

Mair. My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cauſe we ſtand vpon our garde,
And ſhut the gates for to preſerue the towne.
Henry now is king, and we are ſworne to him.
Edw. Why my Lord Maire, if *Henry* be your king,
Edward I am ſure at leaſt, is Duke of *Yorke*.
Mair. Truth my Lord, we know you for no leſſe.
Edw. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.
Rich. But when the *Fox* hath gotten in his head,
Heele quicklie make the bodie follow after.
Haſt. Why my Lord Maire, what ſtand you vpon points?
Open the gates, we are king *Henries* friends.
Mair. Saie you ſo, then *I*le open them preſentlie.

Exit Maire.

Ri. By my faith, a wiſe ſtout captain & ſoone perſwaded.

The Maire opens the dore, and brings the keies in his hand.

Edw. So my Lord Maire, theſe gates muſt not be ſhut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keies:
What, feare not man for *Edward* will defend
the towne and you, deſpight of all your foes.

Enter ſir *Iohn Mountgommery* with drumme and ſouldiers.